3407 L.401

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

LIBERTY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

3409

LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

As to my plans for the publication of Bernard Shaw's essay on Nordau's "Degeneration" I can as yet say nothing more definite than that the type is set and the plates are made. The book will appear as soon as the releasing word shall come from Mr. Shaw.

Few people will take up the reading of the wise and eloquent barber's story of "Johann Schmidt" in the present issue of Liberty and not finish it. Most of them will be fascinated by it, and will read it with the greatest interest and pleasure. But it will occur to others that, if the narrator were not a barber, and were somewhat more at home in the calling of modern writing upon which he enters so auspiciously, he would have given his excellent story a less romantic ending. Also, sympathetic as is the figure of Johann Schmidt, his all too frequent reference to Jesus and his teachings throws a doubt on the soundness of his own philosophy, and tempts one to say to him, in the words of Voltaire: "I pray you, let me never hear that man's name again!" The modern world is driving on the sea of a new paganism, with Christianity

far to the rear and well-nigh lost to view. If the narrator of the story were not a barber, and somewhat more of a discerner in the world of thought, he would know this. Speaking of Jesus, Zarathustra laments his too early death, and declares that he himself would have disavowed his doctrine if he had lived. "Noble enough was he to disavow!" Johann Schmidt also, I think, is noble enough to purify his philosophy and philanthropy of all Christian taint when he comes to see the offence which lies therein, and he may come to see it the more speedily if he will take time from his newly-won happiness to read and study the work of an eminent and celebrated namesake of his, "The Ego and His Own," by Johann Caspar Schmidt, who wrote over the pseudonym of Max Stirner.

The lord-bishop of London is so cocky over his defeat of Roosevelt at tennis that now he is ready for any old fight. "I defy any one," he says, "to find any other reason why we are alive than that the Eternal God said, 'Let there be light.'" I shall not accept the challenge; but it occurs to me that, if the lord-bishop of London is mentally so constituted that he is content with the reason that he himself has discovered his own existence would be more easily explicable had the Eternal God said, "Let there be darkness."

The October number of Liberty contained an account of a resort hotel in Europe which has discarded its tariff schedule, allowing guests to pay what they

like. Nearly three weeks after the publication of Liberty the same story was "specially cabled" to the New York "Times." At least, such is the "Times's" claim. Enterprising paper, the "Times"!

Professor Jenks came all the way from Cornell the other day to tell Columbia students that "whether the State be Anarchistic or Socialistic can be determined only by the will of the citizens." When will the Cornell professor of physics visit Columbia to proclaim that whether water shall be dry or wet can be determined only by the will of the physicists? Professor Jenks also told the students that "most citizens have but a hazy idea of what is meant by the State." As usual, the professor is with the majority.

Mr. Harry Kelly, in the New York "Sun," declares that he must group himself with Thoreau, Whitman, and Emerson. Probably the reason why he *must* do this is that nobody else will do it for him. Mr. Kelly, claiming to be an Anarchist, is sufficiently consistent to help himself.

IN THE DAY'S WORK

When Bonaparte, Roosevelt's attorney-general, made his idiotic suggestions regarding the proper treatment of Anarchists, the able editors of the plutocratic press, even if they saw the stupidity of the suggestions, did not find it in their hearts to ridicule their author. Recently Bonaparte travelled all the way from a Massachusetts summer resort to Chicago to attend a congress of prison reformers and tell the delegates that all habitual criminals ought to be hanged. The whole address was dull, ignorant, brutal; and it disgusted most the editors who are not professional "anti-crime" crusaders. Here is a typical comment from the Brooklyn "Eagle":

> Considering how many men clearly guilty of murder are now acquitted because juries disbelieve in capital punishment and refuse to send any man to death if a shadow of a sentimental excuse can be found for him, Mr. Bonaparte's proposed addition to the number of capital offences, if it could be adopted in any State, would paralyze the criminal courts. There is no danger of such an act being passed anywhere, and its advocacy is enough to bring in serious question the judgment of any man. Cranks are not the best material from which to fill high and responsible public positions.

Bonaparte is, in truth, a reactionary crank—the worst of all possible types. His "facts" are as weighty as his ideas. Thus he contended that the habitual criminal is a "product of modern civilization," for two hundred years ago or so any major offence meant hanging and no man had the chance to become a professional. On this amazing reference to history the New York "Evening Post" remarks as follows:

3413 L.401

Mr. Bonaparte believes, however, that the freer infliction of capital punishment in former times and the unsanitary condition of cities killed off malefactors before they could form a habit of criminality. But compared to those who perished in this way the number who offended with impunity and offended habitually was proportionately insignificant. The nomadic bands who made high-way robbery a profession, and the hideous thugs and assassins who thronged all the ancient capitals, were surely examples of the habitual criminal. Perhaps the attorney-general meant that in old times there were no corporations. He always is so facetious!

In Napoleon Bonaparte's last instructions for the king of Rome there is this sentence: "Let my son often read and reflect on history: this is the only true philosophy." Napoleon would have given the same advice to his family and relatives, and their descendants, had he respected their intelligence. But he was notoriously contemptuous of his brothers, and knew that, to reflect on history, mind is necessary. He would hardly advise our attorney-general to "reflect" on history.

The impudence of the inferior federal judges is becoming unbearable. No wonder that even the Nebraska Republican convention demanded in its platform a constitutional amendment depriving the lower courts of the power to pass upon the validity of acts of legislatures and of congress. Not only has the injunction been used to suspend and nullify State laws, to prevent executive officials from doing their plain legal duties, to maintain abuses and wrongs; but the judicial tyrants and usurpers, in violation of all decency, are beginning to scold and denounce legislatures as they have for years censured and lectured jurors. In two or three recent "rate" cases legislatures have

3414 L.401

been characterized from the bench as "a disgrace to civilization," and their statutes as vicious, demagogical, etc. The theory, as stated by the authorities on constitutional law, is that legislation is presumed to be valid until shown to be otherwise, and that courts are careful, cautious, and extremely slow to reach conclusions unfavorable to acts of law-making bodies. In practice every doubt is given to the tricky and mendacious corporations, and even the pretence of respect for legislative discretion is being abandoned. The courts are everything, the legislative and executive departments nothing—as Lysander Spooner argued and predicted they would be. And think of the hypocrisy of it all! When the Bryan platform of 1896 parenthetically intimated that the strained income-tax decision might be reversed by a future supreme court, all the patriots and safe-and-sane gentry affected horror at such an "assault" on the judiciary. What do the judges and lawyers think of the present assaults of corporation-ridden courts on legislatures and executives?

Apropos of the aggressions and usurpations of the courts, even conservative writers are beginning to admit that the nullification of legislation by the judiciary is the greatest usurpation of all. There is not, say constitutional lawyers, the faintest trace in the constitution of any intention to give the courts the power to veto legislation and act as censor upon the works of congress and the executive, while the definitely-posited principle of co-equal and co-ordinate powers is manifestly at war with the judiciary's preten-

sion—a pretension first advanced by Marshall, the champion "twister," and successfully maintained since his day. Any independent thinker of intelligence is certain to concur in this view. If the framers of the constitution had intended to give the courts the power to invalidate acts of congress, they would have said so plainly, and would undoubtedly have qualified and restricted the exercise of this power. They might have provided for unanimous or three-fourths-majority decisions in constitutional cases; they probably would have withheld the power, in any event, from the inferior federal courts, which congress can change, abolish, and re-create at will. In short, palpable anomalies and absurdities would have been avoided. But the truth is, there is no warrant for judicial nullification of legislation, and the people have submitted to this gigantic and amazing usurpation through superstitition, credulity, and weakness. Let us hope the time has come to challenge this monstrous perversion.

Roosevelt utters a certain sentiment, and his adoring "fellow-citizens" applaud. What follows is thus narrated in the press dispatches:

"Wait a moment, I don't want you to applaud this part unless you are willing also to applaud the part I read first, to which you listened in silence. I want you to understand that I will stand just as straight for the rights of the honest man who wins his fortune by honest methods as I will stand against the dishonest man who wins a fortune by dishonest methods."

He then went back and re-read the passage referred to, saying that he wanted his hearers "to applaud the other sentiment also," and, when they had done so to his satisfaction, he continued, "Thank you, now I'll go on."

This, we are told, is a characteristic incident. Yes,

indeed, a very characteristic incident. It shows Roosevelt's asininity in several ways. The people had not applauded the "other sentiment" simply because it was superfluous and platitudinous. Who ever objected to the defending of honest fortunes won by honest men? There was something novel and courageous, to the unsophisticated, in Roosevelt's talk of fighting dishonest methods and dishonest men, for they know from observation and reading that governments are not in the habit of fighting the rich and powerful criminals, and so they applauded. Nothing could be more natural. But the preternaturally virtuous and stoical Roosevelt, with an eye on the newspapers, was bound to secure applause for the platitude also, in order to parade his "even-handed justice" and his independence. The consideration that applause that is "wanted" and requested is valueless and meaningless did not occur to him.

Several bankers and captains of industry (the industry of making and unloading wind-and-water securities) have expressed approval of Roosevelt's alleged campaign against law-breaking corporations, rebaters, etc., with this reservation—that bygones should be bygones and the past wholly forgotten. No punishment for past offences so long as the repentance is genuine and the conduct correct in the present. But how would these corporate moralists like to make this rule general, to apply it to the small and ordinary people—to violent strikers, to gamblers, to burglars, to thieves? Are we not all "equal before the law"? How can admirers of "our institutions" seriously ask

that rich criminals shall be pardoned wholesale while no mercy whatever is shown to the poor and obscure offenders?

Modesty is not considered a Roosevelt quality, yet the latest series of presidential speeches argues an astonishing degree of self-restraint and reserve in their author. Roosevelt is an apostle of righteousness, of common sense, of true manliness. He does not, however, define these terms for us. He has been railed at by carping critics and mean souls for this vagueness; they do not perceive that, if he were to undertake to descend from glittering generalities to concrete propositions, his whole gospel would necessarily sum itself up in one word, "Rooseveltism," and his speeches would all read like this: "Watch me, follow and imitate me; applaud my policies, and you will have a lien, a firm hold on righteousness, common sense, and manliness. Others are either dangerous radicals (like Bryan, Tom Johnson, La Follette) or malignant reactionaries, like Foraker, Hughes, Knox. I alone am the embodiment of sane radicalism and philosophical conservatism. I alone know how far to go, where to stop, and when to reverse myself." Now, this, though true to the letter,—and only rascally conspirators venture to deny it,—would not be modest, and Roosevelt would rather be indefinite than immodest.

Col. Harvey abhors centralization and usurpation and rampant federalism—when any one is guilty of these things in the actual or presumed interest of the many. He is a warm advocate of these same tendencies when the beneficiaries are privileged and thieving

corporations. He can see nothing alarming in federal injunctions against State officials, in arbitrary suspensions of State laws, in encroachments upon State rights and State jurisdiction, in distrust of and contempt for State courts. All this is quite compatible in his eyes with the "sacredness of law and order." Is judicial tyranny in the name of federalism less to be dreaded than executive tyranny? The Harveys and their clients object to federalism only when they think the interests of plutocracy menaced; they are loud defenders of State rights only when they "need" these "in their business." When federalism suits them, as it generally does, especially when the accommodating federal courts are the exponents of that doctrine, they lose all their affection and solicitude for State rights and the "government of the fathers." The artful dodging and gymnastics of the plutocratic editors were never more amusing than now. S. R.

A congressional commission appointed to investigate the postal service is to "recommend the appointment of a director of posts, who shall be removed from politics, and who shall continue in office from administration to administration. He is to be subordinate to the postmaster-general, but it is intended that he shall be a business man of high qualifications, who shall have no concern except the carrying on of postal affairs without reference to politics." By this master-stroke of reform, I presume, the postmaster-general himself will be freed from all concern save that of carrying on postal affairs *with* reference to politics.

JOHANN SCHMIDT

I am surprised that there are not more good stories. I think there is not a day but I see on the streets some tragedy. Life is all a tragedy. Comedy is only tragedy in disguise. It paves the way for tears. We laugh as men learn to feast in a beleaguered city devoured of pestilence. If I had the time from my profession,—I am a barber,—I think I could write a good story, for every day I walk the streets.

Last fall, on the corner of Clark street and Fourth avenue, I saw a blonde young man haranguing a group of fifteen or sixteen people at about half-past eight o'clock in the evening. The streets in that section were then deserted. He wore a pointed beard, after the style called Van Dyke, and looked like an artist, a poet, or freak of some sort. There was a suggestion of Christ, or of the painter Courbet in his youth. He was standing in the street, addressing this small knot of people on the sidewalk. I stopped too. I like freaks. Most people are so respectable and commonplace. Respectability is conventionality, and conventionality is deadly dullness. In truth most men, like most leaves, have an inclination to be different, but the men are cowards.

"My friends," said the youth, "there will be a great many preachers in the pulpits tomorrow, preaching virtue and telling you to be good. It is good to be good, but what is it?—To love one another? Very well. It is a good thing to love one another. But the best thing is to so love one another

as to give every one his fair chance in life,—a fair chance at the honey of this wonderful life—this one and only life. I stand here in the mud to-night to tell you those worthy preachers are working at the wrong end. I am a preacher to tell you that goodness is a question of food and clothing and a comfortable home. Virtue is a question of comfort. Morality is a question of time and geography. All morality, everywhere and in every time, is the search for happiness, and happiness does not begin till we are fed and warmed. Light, and warmth, and fine dishes to eat, and fine clothes to wear, and leisure time, and books, are not temptations to those who already have them. They are temptations to those who are cold and starving. Money is a temptation only to those who are pressed with needs and debts. Food is not a temptation to those who have food. Clothes are not a temptation to those who have clothes. Light, and laughter, and food, and drink, and warmth, and happiness, are only temptations to those who slink about the dark alleys and shiver in cold garrets.

"I am standing here in the dirt of the street to tell you the vicious are not poor because they are vicious, but are vicious because they are poor, as their fathers before them were poor. I know the traits of inheritance, but I know also that the course of man is upward,—that the traits of the gutter and of the hovel are the traits of hunger and wretchedness. I know there will always be sinners, but answer me first: What is sin? Who shall declare it? I am here, a poor preacher, to try and make the stones of the street preach to you that the root of evil is the lack of

3421 L.401

freedom. The lack of an equal chance for all sober, honest people to live. That the root of inequality, of great wealth undeserved and great poverty undeserved, is the privileges given by law and government to the few who still drive the many as their slaves—for you are all slaves. I stand here to tell you that the root of all privilege is in the laws, and that government is still the engine, moved by force and used by the few against the many, just as kings and emperors used it. Government to-day is only what is left of the government by kings. It all has the same purpose—a few to exploit the many. There can be no freedom till the right to enforce any peaceable man against his will is gone forever. Neither to tax him by force, nor in any way compel him by force so long as he himself is respectful of the rights of others. The ideal society is a voluntary association, and to approach that you must get rid of these unequal laws and this idea of a government founded on force and compulsion.

"I am standing here in this mud to tell you the truth, which will make these dirty stones more precious than diamonds. The truth that Freedom in all peaceable things is Man's destiny and Anarchy is society's salvation. Anarchy—the doctrine, not of force, but of the abolition of force; the abolition of force against peaceable men by government, and the abolition of force by individuals against other peaceable individuals. For all force is useless. Anarchy is the doctrine, not of disorder, but of peace and order. I preach to you the gospel of morality through comfort and happiness; —of the gospel of comfort and happiness through freedom, personal liberty and economic freedom, and the gospel of freedom attained through 'Anarchy: Anarchy, which is the every-day practice of the Golden Rule.'"

3422 L.401

"He's a damned Anarchist," said one of two men moving off together. "He's a damned fool," said the other. Just then a policeman who had joined the group a moment before put his hand on the preacher's shoulder, and said, "Come with me; I arrest you." "What for?" said the blonde young Vandyke. "None of your damned business," said the policeman; "you'll find out. Are you coming, or do you want the club?"—and the big policeman held the club ready to strike. The young man eyed the weapon, smiled at the group, which was growing larger, and said, "This is government." Some one laughed. The big policeman glared around and said, "I'll take you too, you——" (and he used bad language). He fixed his hand in the collar of the Anarchist, and, jerking him nearly off his feet, said viciously, "Come along now"; and they moved off. The crowd melted away. One man with a tin bucket and a grimed face said it was a damned shame. Most of the others laughed.

It is very likely the Roman soldiers in the midst of their gaming laughed at the friendless fanatic crucified as King of the Jews and Saviour of mankind. Doubtless the mob went home to supper from the scaffold of Sydney and the blazing stake of Savonarola and of Bruno quite satisfied that fools who rebel against the existing order of things should meet their just desert, Death! The mob of to-day is always cock-sure their saviour is a lunatic, but to-morrow the

3462

mob worships the lunatic as its saviour. The rule never changes. It is inevitable. Were it otherwise, the sensible and sane stupid people of to-day would be as wise as the brilliant lunatics who open the wonderful gates for them. I know this, for I am of the mob myself. There are only two learned professions, the barbers and the cobblers. We have ample leisure. We can think at our work, and we are of the people. We also read a great deal. Some scientists, in accounting for the wisdom of barbers and cobblers, have said their shops are places of resort, and they pick up knowledge from their customers. Heaven! Can you pick figs from thistles? Can you make omelets from pebbles? Most men do not think. The masses of men accept blindly the condition they are born into. The dullest of all are the respectable people. Not even every barber thinks. I am myself unusual. I read a great deal; having such a dyspepsia that I cannot drink, and not caring for cards, and being rather withered and rejected of women, I read much. There are some who think they think, but that is very different. Preachers belong to this class.

When the policeman—Maginniss—arrived at the station-house with his prey, the young man gave his name as Johann Schmidt, and was booked for "obstructing the streets." "I was not obstructing the street. It is absurd. The street was deserted. I was talking to a little group of about twenty men. Why, the street-peddlers and fakirs obstruct the streets twenty times as much as that in the day-time. No one was stopped or incommoded." He spoke with a German accent. The captain looked inquiringly at

the arresting officer, for his experienced eye had noted that Schmidt was very clean,—a thing unusual in geniuses and other criminals. The officer whispered to the captain, "Walsh wants him shut up and run out. He is a Socialist." "Lock him up," said the captain. Walsh was a manufacturer of steel bolts and plates. He employed nearly two thousand men. Schmidt was searched, and a pocket-knife, a pigskin leather wallet, some letters, and three dollars and twenty cents in money were tagged with his name and put away. An officer acting as jailer or turnkey then led him down a corridor, unlocked a steel lattice door and a door with a little wicket in it, and thrust Schmidt into the general detention room. "Hello, Frenchy," said a voice from a shadowy corner. All laughed. "What are you doing here, Count? Isn't there some mistake?" Again they laughed. Schmidt turned quickly to the last speaker,—a drunken, ragged fellow with a coat buttoned tightly across his chest; evidently he was economizing in his laundry bills, and in soap. His eyes were bleared and watery. His nose a distorted, livid thing. His face inflamed and bloated. His breath an exhalation of alcohol. So, with jeer and jest, Schmidt was received into the friendly fraternity of jail birds, and began to breathe that fetid stink, the jail odor: a sickening, putrid human miasma. Misery loves company. His new comrades commenced to ply him with questions: What had he done? Nothing great: not murder, or he would be honored with a special cell and a hard mattress on a steel lattice bunk. He was in the room for common, petty, undergraduate crime. No heroes

here. Drunks; brawlers; petty larceny thieves; fake beggars and recruits from the great horde of vagrants, charged with the crime of "no visible means of support," which covers more sins than charity.

Most of his fellow-cattle lay and looked at him in silence. Some slept. It was a hard cement floor; no banks, no blankets. It was only the herding place for the night. They tried to borrow or steal any tobacco or money the police might not have taken. It was Saturday night, and toward midnight the place began to fill up. Helpless drunks, crazy drunks, tearful drunks, sick drunks, and noisy drunks; with an occasional offender against some more sober law, such as obtaining money under false pretences, as if such men are not to be honored when the money is a million. The air was poison, the noise pandemonium, and the night hell. One gentleman in evening dress, with an exceedingly dissipated shirt front, sang over and over again, "Here's a health to you, John Brown. Here's to you, my jovial soul." Evidently the gentleman and his friend Mr. Brown were two souls with but a single thought.

(That is from the play of "Ingomar." I have seen it many times. I consider the theatre really more useful than the church. Both preach, and the theatre preaches poetically and also amuses.)

A pale-faced, ill-clad boy of about sixteen was thrust into this festering pool. He was crying. Some began to laugh at him. Most of them gave him encouragement. One man told him to remember everything came to an end, and his turn would come some day. He did cheer up, and before the night

was over he was half graduated in crime, with disgrace on his head and revenge in his heart.

A very pudgy little man, with his eyes tight shut, sang like an automaton, somewhat moaningly, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The noisy ones were not spared oaths or blows, both brutally given. The keen eyes and noses of the human rats quickly noticed that Schmidt was clean, and they called him "Duke" and "Soft Soap," and took as much pleasure in robbing him of his cleanliness as society does in ruining a woman's reputation. But all was done in good-natured malice,—as in society.

"Are these fellows the fault of a system, or of themselves? Have I made a mistake?" thought Schmidt. "No. The truth is always right. Freedom is the truth. These poor things are but the results; nay, the dregs and offal of centuries of results. I will not blame them. I will work for that day when hells like this cannot be."

And so the sun rose on the filthy city, tinging for a moment all its steam and smoke and ugliness with orange and opal.

At ten o'clock Monday morning Schmidt, with the lice he had accumulated (unintentionally), appeared before the police magistrate. I have never seen a lawyer, or a police magistrate, with a benevolent face. They all have hawk, buzzard, cat, weasel, lion, wolf, fox, or badger written on them. This arbiter of fate had a forehead not quite so wide as either of his chins, cunning eyes, and a ferocious mouth. He was bald. You have noted the thrifty farmer bringing to town his wagon-load of truck, covered with an old bed-

guilt, out of which stuck the rosy hind-quarters of a newly butchered hog. That was the face and pate of Justice Abendroth. Schmidt was surprised to note among his fellow-prisoners some fine heads and faces, anything but weak and vicious. One was a machinist, who was accused of being asleep on a door-step at 2 A. M. (Which step was not stated.) He pleaded that he had met some friends he had not seen for a long time; it was Saturday night; he took a little too much in a social way, and sat down and went to sleep. "I ought to have been at work at eight o'clock. This may have lost me my job. I have a wife and three children." "Ten dollars, or five days," said Justice Abendroth. And the man who slept on a door-step was led off, evidently much to the benefit of the wife, the three children, civilization, and society.—I have a great reverence for society. So many things are done to save it. What is it? That is something I often ask myself. What is this valuable thing called society?

Then came our human still, with the monstrous nose, and he was led off sick, listless, trembling, and begging piteously for a glass of whiskey "for the love of Christ."

A glass of whiskey for the love of Christ! Well, why not? But the love of Christ was not there. It had been exhausted in a thousand pulpits the day before.

Then came a buzzing and whispering into the ear of Justice by a prominent saloon-keeper and other influential citizens, and the complaining officers were called up, and there was more murmuring, and then

all those having any "pull" were turned loose. The pudgy gentleman of the musical religious turn of mind asked leave to speak to his arresting officer, and spoke to such purpose in the universal language that the officer suffered a total lapse of memory, and said there was a mistake, and afterwards received the twenty dollars taken from the pudgy gentleman and deposited with the clerk.

A young man with very sleek hair, parted in the middle, and looking very clean and with a carnation in his button-hole, sauntered in, and was affably greeted by Justice Abendroth, who invited him to sit beside him and see the circus. This distinguished visitor to our only modern gladiatorial show was Mr. James Perceval Walsh, son to the maker of steel bolts and plates, who owned nearly two thousand men. For the amusement of this young Roman, the army of vagrants (those not having a wealthy father as the only visible means of support) was paraded before him and dismissed to labor and imprisonment, right and left. It was like the working of the slaughter-houses, which dispose of the continuous lines of cattle so effectively. The deputy city attorney would ask, "Guilty, or not guilty?" in an irritated tone. The dumb brutes would look at each other and mumble something. "Guilty," would shout the irritable attorney, and, unless the victim protested, down it would go in the recording-book of the clerk. And so it went merrily on, the particularly stupid look of some imbecile prisoner, or the foolish look when some one's plea of "Not guilty" was shouted as "Guilty," evoking laughter from the policemen and the bail

and witness buzzards who flocked about. But one cried with a wail, "Not guilty, your Honor; not guilty." "Oh, well," said the annoyed justice; "who arrested him?" "Officer Dorflinger." "Swear him." "Well, your Honor, the What Cheer All Night Restaurant is bothered by this man. He has made a habit of coming around and picking bread out of the swill-box, and he stole a napkin." "Your Honor," interrupted the cringing wretch, "I swear I never stole the napkin. I took the bread because I was as hungry as a dog." "You are a dog," said Justice; "ten days, and then get out of town quick." "They would not jail a dog for eating out of a swill-barrel." "Silence! Who said that?" "I did," said Schmidt. "You? Oh, we will get to you," said Justice.

In due time, "Johann Schmidt, obstructing the streets," was called, and big Officer Maginniss, being sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, testified that this young man had collected a riotous crowd which was blockading the whole sidewalk so that nobody could pass, and was talking anarchy and riot to them in the most violent language, and, when told to move on, had abused the officer and called on the crowd to resist, overpower, and beat the representative of law, order, and the majesty of government. Justice herself, in the person of Mr. Abendroth, was as mad as a wet hen. Young Mr. Walsh whispered into the ear of Justice, and Justice (still disguised as Mr. Abendroth) shook her head as one who would suggest, "Just you watch me." "I am sorry you are booked on so slight a charge," said Justice (disguised as Abendroth). "If

you had your dues, I don't doubt you'd be held for murder. You dare to attack the government which shelters and protects you." Johann Schmidt at this point said he would like to be sworn and be heard in his own behalf. Justice was so astonished at this that she held Judge Abendroth speechless for a moment, and then caused him to burst out, "Very well; if you choose" (as much as to say, "Much good may it do you"), "but, I warn you, all that you say may be used against you." "Oh, I know it will, and much that I don't say," said the fanatic. "But there are so many officers here besides Officer Maginnis that we will get different styles of lies." After this pleasant and auspicious opening, he went on to say: "I would like to tell you all here how I came to be an Anarchist—" "Well, you can't," roared Justice; "you stick to the charge against you. Were you obstructing the street?" "No." "Ha! That is your conclusion, is it? Were you talking to people?" "Yes." "Were you talking Anarchy?" "Yes." "He admits it," said Justice, stupefied. Then, rousing himself, he shouted: "What you need is the penitentiary." "But, your Honor—I have to call you your Honor, don't I?" said the blonde young fool. Justice, disguised as Abendroth, waited with the patience of the executioner who knows he can well afford to be patient. "I was talking to but fifteen people, or so. It was half-past eight at night; no one was passing. There was no obstruction. All that Policeman Maginniss has said is false. Of course, I don't blame him. I know he can't help it. He is a policeman. Still, it is false. Sometimes it is interest-

ing to know that a thing is false. I was talking Anarchy, but let me explain what I mean by Anarchy. It is a political philosophy, and has no relation to either beer or bombs. In fact, it forbids all force against peaceable individuals, either by government or by other individuals. It is—" "You can't preach your infernal doctrine in this court," thundered long-pent-up Justice; "I don't believe a word you have uttered, except that you were preaching Anarchy. The man who would do that would not only lie, but would murder. You ought to be shut up for life. I'll give you the limit,—fifty dollars and sixty days." "I hadn't finished when you interrupted me," said the blonde fool wearily, "but never mind. I see you are one who is determined to dispense with Justice though the heavens fall." Some intelligent person laughed. Then Justice's chins trembled with rage—all of them. "Thirty days for contempt of court," said Justice to the fool. "I don't think I could overcome it in that time," said the fool, in a discouraged tone. "Sixty days—ninety days!" foamed Justice; "see that this man is indicted for inciting to riot and murder," he roared to the city attorney. "And this is government," said the blonde fool, as he was led away.

"So that's an Anarchist—let's have a look at his belongings," said young Walsh. In the pocket-book they found the miniature of a faultlessly beautiful young woman, and written on the wrapper in German, in a fine precise Gothic hand, "Ludwig. Come back to me when you are weary. My heart is always open for you." "By God, she's a beauty," said

young Walsh; "say, Judge, let me have this." "Certainly," said Justice; "take it along." "He'll certainly raise a row about it," said young Walsh. "Who? Him? Not much. By the time he gets out of there he'll be glad to keep his mouth shut. Anyway, it's lost and can't be helped. Take it along if you want it," said Justice.

Young Walsh cooled Justice with champagne and soothing words of praise, and over the bubbles they talked, each with satisfaction to himself, of the terrible danger to our institutions if such lawless incendiary cranks were permitted to be at large. Men with no regard for vested rights.

The "Morning Truthteller" said that Schmidt was one of an organized band of desperate Anarchists. That such men were beyond the pale of that civilized and organized society whose very existence they threatened, and should be shot on sight, like mad dogs, or at least deported to some Devil's Island. It should be said that the ideas of the "Truthteller" were furnished by a group of most respectable moneybags, and were clothed in words by some verbal tailors kept for the purpose.

I wonder if Salome went to look at John the Baptist in prison? How his heart must have rejoiced to see the lustre of her eyes, the whiteness of her hands, and to smell the clean fragrance of the cedar from her flowing robes of soft purple silk! For I suppose the prisons of Herod were as rayless, dank, and foul-smelling as those of Chicago, and the advent of a fragrant young girl must have been like a star alone in all the gloom of night, even though she came for his head.

So, to Schmidt, came the Little Sister of the Prisoners,—hair of gold like the maize silk, teeth as white and regular as its pearly grains, lips as scarlet as the poppy, skin like rose petals upon cream, and brave wide grey eyes like the skies of morning. She came thrice a week, bringing chocolate, oranges, lemons, paper, postage stamps, testaments and other books, little paper bags of tobacco, and such like cravings. The bags of tobacco were more in demand than the testaments. It is a pity, but it is true. Elsa Bauer, daughter of the very, very, very rich brewer, Hermann Bauer. Motherless. She went her way, and old Hermann went his, making more and more money, so that his big, sleek, dappled horses in brass-mounted trappings could not have hauled his gold if it was put into one of those wonderful sacks we read of in Grimm. Her way lay toward the prisons and hospitals, for she took with a literalness which her friends thought comic Christ's exhortation to visit the sick and those in prison.

Have you yourself who read this ever been in prison, or deserted in a hospital?—Weary with the monotony of misery?—A forgotten thing?—A bit of wreckage on the shore?—And the bright sunny world at its play recklessly?—Weak, so that tears will come, from self-pity?—Hopeless, so that hardness grows from self-knowledge of degradation? The sick and those in prison need a touch of sympathy—a breath of God's own fresh air. Really, if you have yourself ever been sick or in prison, you will find Christ's words not so laughable.

Hermann, the father, was of the soil,—a hard-

headed, hard-working, illiterate old German brewer. Elsa, like all the real vitality, brains, and morality of this life, was also near to the all-powerful, ever-renewing mother, the soil. He was the root; she was the flower. The first generation of culture; sensible, well-informed, well-educated. Each went his and her own way, and left the other free. That is true happiness,—to be free. No one is.

Love is a wonderful force. It is certainly first cousin to electricity, which splits the oak and even sometimes rends a church. You look into a woman's eyes, and like a flash you are in love. You see a perfect stranger, and you love her. You are ready to mate with her. But she passes on; you never see her again, and she is forgotten. How many of these tragedies there are! Lost opportunities! Desertions! I myself have loved so many beautiful women who never knew it. Nor do I believe barbers are more susceptible than other men. It is bitter, this indifference to small bald men.—If an acquaintance happens and ripens, then this first flash grows to a flame; but, none the less, it began instantly, like the stroke of lightning. Its signal is beauty. Certainly beauty is the great bait of the world. I am talking now of mating; that is love. Certainly for friendship and comradeship time is necessary, both to ripen and to prove them. It is in these comrade elements that love failures occur. No one ever doubted for an instant that he loved. There are no mistakes in love. They come afterward.

So Johann Schmidt, Anarchist and obstructor of streets, looked upon the enhaloed beauty of Elsa

3435 L.401

Bauer visiting the prisoners and straightway loved her, for man's love is bold. And she looked upon him and thought, "Lohengrin!" but she did not love him, for woman's love is more afraid and is under the domination of the fitness of things, and to love a jail bird—impossible! But she too saw he was still somewhat clean, and she saw that the great cameo-cutter who never fashions the mask of a poet over the soul of a brute had carved for this blonde young fool the figurehead of Lohengrin, or of Siegfried. She was very fond of the Wagnerian dramas.—For myself, as music, I prefer the "Barber of Seville."—She said timidly, more so than usual, for she was timid about probing the wounds of any one, "Why are you here?" "For telling the truth." "Oh, if you do not wish to speak of it, excuse me. But they do not put men in jail for telling the truth." "Always! They have always done it. They will always do it. John the Baptist, and now me, and, between, millions telling truth in all tongues. That is what dungeons have been kept for." "You are a German?" said Elsa. "I would not deny it if I could." "Indeed not," she replied; "I am of German parentage myself." To this a low gallant bow, quite in courtly fashion and with perfect ease, and afterward, "Then, Mademoiselle, you know our maxim, '*Freiheit ist Wahrheit.*'" The Little Sister of the Prisoners nodded, and "Siegfried" continued: "I am in jail for preaching freedom. For asking some dozen citizens to arouse their intellects and examine whether there was no reason now, as in the past, to restrain government and lessen its powers over men. No room

3436 L.401

for progress. Had I asked them for a dollar for ten cents' worth of the oil of the Arctic bear, procured at the nearest butcher's, and warranted to cure rheumatism and give to age the smoothness of youth, I could with safety have gathered a congregation which would have stopped all other traffic. But in this case government would not be alarmed. Indeed, would be a sharer in my steal, for it would for a round sum issue me a license to rob. In short, Mademoiselle, I am an Anarchist." "An Anarchist!" There was disappointment and alarm in her tone. "Yes. But you need not fear. You see I am captured. And, in fact, I have no bombs, and, when at liberty, I patronize the barber, and do not drink beer. I prefer the finer gold of the vintages of the Rhine and Moselle. My only weapon is my tongue. My only victim myself." "You are ridiculing me," said the Little Sister, flushing. "Excuse me, Mademoiselle: I am ridiculing society, of which you are part, which is so ignorant it does not know its own ignorance. But as for you, Miss, I see nobility in your eyes. Your presence in this jail of outcasts speaks it. I place myself beneath your feet. Anarchy which I preach does not mean chaos, riot, disorder, but order. Its very foundation-stone is order. It prohibits force by any man against any man not himself a forcible invader of the rights of others. It still follows Christ, the great Anarchist, and discourages force, even in return for force, as unwise, and its creed is freedom for all peaceable men and women, and peace, so that all may be free, and the grip of the special-privilege-making government may be taken from the

throat of the people, and society be a voluntary association for the good of all. So that the children of men shall inherit the earth, and none shall be higher than his just place, and none lower than his just deserving. So that society shall for once be in tune with nature, and men and women be free to love and live as seems best to them, and once again nature's laws shall be unchained and men shall be free to rise in their virtues; aye, and free to descend in their vices, so that the fittest, the truly fittest, shall survive. So that the yearning which is in all men to freely express their thoughts shall not be stifled by Church, or State, or custom, but men shall bud out as unreservedly as the trees bud and blossom. So that a new race of poets shall arise, and all men shall be poets in their unfettered thought and unrestrained expression. Freedom—Freedom—Freedom—for which my very soul pants now; if it may be breathed by my unborn brother of the coming centuries, it is a little thing that I have lain in jail, or climbed a gallows' step. I am an Anarchist—an apostle of true human freedom."

You can say what you please. We are electric batteries, and there is a current from one to another. If you were a barber, you would know this. I have felt it different with one customer than with another.--

The Little Sister of the Prisoners stood like an awe-struck child. The room of the prisoners was filled with a mysterious something, and Siegfried stood there like a young god.—A young god with lice on him! Think of it! And put there by Maginnis

and Abendroth! Think of it! And for what? Think of it! Why, it is like Christ over again.

Siegfried felt the silence, and said quietly, "There is always a good in suffering. Had I not been thrust into jail I had been so unfortunate as never to have seen in you, Mademoiselle, the practical goodness of the human heart." "You dream an ideal," she said, hesitatingly. "I do. And all, all, all that the world is rich with to-day, the steam engine as well as Christianity, 'Hamlet' as well as the Declaration of Independence, electricity as well as the 'Goetterdaemmerung,' is from the dreamer of ideals. Banish ideals, and man remains a dweller in caves, a feeder on the flesh of his kind. Yes, Miss; I do dream an ideal, and in that is my hope. The ideal of to-day is the real of to-morrow."

Certainly beauty is the greatest force in the world, and Siegfried was very beautiful. The Little Sister of the Prisoners looked at him, and then, as one who had been lost somewhere, she seemed to come back to the jail and her work. "Won't you have an orange?" she said to Siegfried. "Thank you very much; the skin is so fragrant." A poor devil addressed her humbly. He said his sole crime was being out of work. His eyes, however, looked vacantly. His skin was parchment, and he was an attenuated anatomy. She took the address he gave her, promised to do his whispered request, and went out. Presently she returned to Siegfried, and said, "You are booked for ninety days for contempt of court." "Yes," said Siegfried, "I told you I was here for telling the truth." "What was it?" said the Little Sister. He

told her. She turned and left, without a word.

The Little Sister of the Prisoners was a power. First, she was the daughter of old Hermann Bauer, the manifold millionaire. Second, she was beautiful — and you cannot deny the power of beauty. It is felt everywhere and always. There must be some reason for this. And third, but all-powerful, she was the Little Sister of the Prisoners, and a good safe majority in Justice Abendroth's district would vote any way the Little Sister breathed the wish. As Johann Schmidt would say, "And this is government," but, at least, it was more commendable than to vote at the nod of a district boss. Therefore, when the Little Sister said she had investigated the case of Johann Schmidt and desired his release, there was no questioning it. It had to come. The officials at the jail fell over themselves to bring it about. The only question was the use of the telephone, and locating Justice (disguised as Abendroth). Justice did not hesitate a moment. Between Walsh and the Little Sister of the Prisoners he did not hesitate, and he remembered pleasantly that young Walsh would hasten to unbolt the prison doors himself if the Little Sister said so. He felt himself on very solid ground, and telephoned back immediately that he was only too happy to oblige Miss Bauer, and to accept her judgment in the matter. Let Schmidt be released, and, if the judgment had not been entered, to withhold it; otherwise, suspend it, and he would fix things up in the morning. The captain on duty smiled; the jailer smiled; everyone smiled. Schmidt was brought out and told he was free—and Schmidt did not smile. He bowed

to the Little Sister, and asked for his effects. They were handed to him, and he looked at once for his miniature and exclaimed quickly, "Where is the picture which was in here?" No one knew anything about it. "Did you value it highly?" said the Little Sister. "Beyond expression," said Siegfried gloomily, and the Little Sister's heart became gloomy also. She wrote her address on a slip of paper, and said, "Please call on me to-morrow morning at eleven. I wish to propose some work for you." Siegfried bowed silently. His eyes were troubled. She left, and hers were troubled also. After she left, Schmidt questioned more about his picture, but it was useless. The officer had returned all he received, and could swear to it. And Schmidt went away with his favorite curse upon his lips, "And this is government." Thus did Johann Schmidt become the secretary or prime minister of the Little Sister of the Prisoners in her work among the naked and the hungry, and those sick and in prison.

You may take my word for it, as a close student of human nature, —which a barber must be,—that beauty is a great bait. It is something more than a bait. It is a spark to powder. Even silly beauty is this, and most beauty is brainless. But, when you have great beauty of soul and depth of mind added to ravishing beauty of face and form, that is something that will conquer angels,—unless angels are just puffs of damp air; I do not know.

The Little Sister and her Siegfried were triumphant beauties, each of them, and the triumph of beauty over each of them was as certain as if Romeo and

[illegible] but up alone on a tropic isle.

[illegible] once to shave a minister of the gos- [illegible] called himself. He had been [illegible] adolescent; and some other ministers [illegible] were with him to discuss a law to compel [illegible] parks to close on Sunday. They fell to talking of how immoral plays are, and they spoke of this play "Romeo and Juliet," and the one I was shaving said how very immoral it was. Morals are, as I have said, a matter of time and geography. It is moral to do in Turkey and China what it is very immoral to do here. The one I was shaving said it was a common scandal the way Juliet and Romeo conducted themselves, but he did not blame them so much as he did the Romish priest and the old nurse who, instead of aiding the love of Romeo and Juliet, should have turned their thoughts to God. Just here my brush slipped. I was so mad, and filled his mouth with lather, but he blew it away and continued, and to Jesus. He spoke as if Jesus were a medicine.

The Little Sister and her Siegfried were Juliet and Romeo alone on an island. The end was certain. They loved each other.

If I were composing a tale out of my head, I would not be so foolish as to make young Walsh know Elsa Bauer. It would not be necessary, and it would seem improbable. Though, after all, the rich set is a small community everywhere.

But truth is stranger than fiction, and Perceval Walsh not only in fact knew Elsa Bauer, but was a victim to her flaunting banner of beauty. He could not know she was ripe for the love of Johann Schmidt.

because she had told that to only one person, herself, and then in great alarm, — but he could know that this Anarchist of hers was straight, strong, beautiful, fearless, god like, with the enthusiasm of a reformer and the magnetism of an enthusiast. That he talked at least three languages, had traveled, knew books and good manners. He had asked Elsa once, "Who is this secretary of yours?" and she had answered, "I don't know, and I don't care," in a way that required the subject to be changed. For she was a character of rock crystal and an only child, and, as Hermann Bauer idolized her and had at least twenty millions, she was not to be dictated to. She did not know, and she did care. Over and over in her heart, like a prayer wheel, went the question, "Who is he? No ordinary man. The face of Christ. A soul I will stake my soul for—and yet, yet, yet—Who is he?" She knew he had been a riding-master, a fencing-master, waiter in a restaurant, coachman, teacher of German, and what else? What else?

Jealousy maddens at a phantom—at the air itself —at something—anything—nothing. It is insanity, —uncontrollable and incurable; hell to the victim, and damnation to all about it. Perceval Walsh could resist no longer. He laid before Elsa Bauer the miniature taken from Johann Schmidt's pocket-book. He told her exactly how he got it, which was wise in him, for often it is better to tell the truth. As he told of this there was running through her mind another prayer wheel, "And this is government." When he finished, she said very pathetically, "I wonder if you ever thought this was robbery; theft, and robbing a

helpless man. Leave it with me. I will restore the stolen property to its owner." She was bitter. Mr. Welsh was angry. He told her her *protegé* was still talking Anarchy on the streets, and she said to him, "I know it, and I know the Anarchy he talks: a gospel of peace; of uplifting; of a fair chance to all men; of the downfall of artificial privileges; of voluntary association. I know it. It is the Anarchy of Christ. Peace on earth, good will toward men. Would God there were more such as he!" He thought, "By God! He has converted her." The wide fearless eyes of the Little Sister of the Prisoners were on him. She was a soul thousands of volts stronger than he. She dismissed him.

She was alone, and there lay that wondrously beautiful face before her and the words, "Ludwig. Come back to me when you are weary. My heart is always open for you." The world seemed different; the light less sunny; her work heavy. What was he to her, or she to him? He, a jail bird! Nonsense! He was as much a jail bird as was Peter the Apostle, or John Bunyan, or Miguel Cervantes, Bonivard of Chillon, Gottfried Kinkel, or Fritz Reuter, or the thousand million soldiers of Freedom who had been jailed by tyranny. But he was a waif—a bit of human drift. Why this demand for credentials? Did Isolde ask letters of introduction from Tristan? Or Elaine demand a pedigree from Launcelot, other than the look of his face and the murmur of her own heart? And Elsa! Did she not lose the Swan Knight because she would not trust her own perception of his own goodliness, but must question, "Who are you?" And now

she, herself, another Elsa, had lost her Lohengrin. Lost! He had never been hers. Here was beauty greater than her own lying before her. And yet she could swear he had been and was hers—yes, swear it, by that wordless recognition of love by love.

When he came, she gave him his treasure, and there was no mistaking his eagerness and the glad surprise in his eyes. She told him it had been brought to her to give him. He thanked her heartily, made his report, discussed the work, and then said, "Miss Bauer, this lessening the misery of the wretched and bringing comfort to the afflicted is holy work, and the world will never be so perfect but that there will be need for it. There will always be the weaker ones. But even the finest charity is in a sense degrading. The object of charity is also the object for insult. To me this charity is salving the sore, not cutting it out. It is giving drink for the fever, not curing it. It is knocking the top off the weed, not digging up the root. The root is our unequal conditions. They are all made by law and enforced by government, and this truth I must preach. This frenzy is what drove me from my native land. It is on me now. I must be about my Master's business. My Master is the Millions of Unborn." "You must do what seems best to you," she said, steadily. "I shall always be glad to hear from you, if you feel like writing." He devoured her face with his eyes. It was as if he was drinking, drinking, drinking, and storing it away as the camel does for the desert. She looked, too, till his stare made her drop her eyes. Then he left abruptly.

When the door had safely closed on him, she threw herself, face downward, on the sofa. Women are very different from men,—so emotional and impulsive. (I have a theory that they will always be so.)

He was right. A wife and children have no place in the life of a man with the world's work to do. He passed out of her life, and she worked now among the prisoners, as if it were a mission. But love never passes out of a woman's life; all women love always, though not always the same love. Some find a new love each month or year; some, several loves at the same time; but other some only once in all their lives. These last are very foolish. Elsa Bauer was of this kind. I only state the facts. It is not for me to discuss the matter.—I was once shaving a gentleman who had a wen on his nose, and I began to discuss it with him, but he told me with a great deal of energy that one of the things most important to be thoroughly done in this world was to mind one's own business. I have never forgotten this, because the wen was one of the most extraordinary I have ever seen.

After the departure of Johann Schmidt, the day itself had a duller hue for Elsa Bauer. Her heart ached the more for the sorrowing ones of this world and for herself, and it seemed she must run away from this great heart-ache. She left a secretary and a fund to supply tobacco, oranges, and testaments to the prisoners in the jail, and she ran away to hide herself. Not to Italy; not to the tombs of Virgil, Petrarch, or Romeo and Juliet; not to orange groves and rose gardens; but to the oppressive peaks of Switzerland

and to the dark firs and plaintive waterfalls of her father's own country, the Black Forest of Baden. These sang congenial dirges to her heart.

The doe is an easier victim separated from the herd. Sometimes, if you come upon her suddenly, she will stand perfectly still, fearing to move.

Young Walsh felt that Elsa Bauer was far from the herd and an easy capture; so he followed her into the Schwarzwald, where one day, on one of those neat footpaths which make a park of the forest, he found the doe; but she exhibited anything but fear, and he returned to Paris and thence to Chicago, with humiliation in his heart and the word End dancing in the air before him wherever he turned his eyes.

His return to Chicago could not have been ordered better if this were a play, or a make-believe story where everything comes out just as you wish it.

He arrived in Chicago at the very moment that Johann Schmidt was about to be brought to trial for murder. This is how it happened: Schmidt was preaching against the State as a power which really exists by force and still for the benefit of the few, and he was advocating peaceable resistance to what he termed robbery by law, when a guardian of the peace,—otherwise, a policeman, supported by taxpayers,—ordered him to shut up and move on. He moved on, but he did not shut up, and a few blocks further on commenced to speak again. Some of his congregation followed him, and, when he again began speaking, quite a little knot of people was assembled to listen. He was uttering the words, "Wrong never justifies wrong. If a thing be wrong, we cannot prove it

wrong by using a wrong against it. The use of force by the State never justifies the use of force against the officers of the State and every resort to force only gives excuse for the use of greater force in return—"

"Didn't I tell you to move on, damn you?" said the policeman, coming up behind and shoving Schmidt roughly along. Schmidt whirled around instinctively, and the policeman hit him with his club. Schmidt staggered, and threw out his arms blindly. There was a shot, and the policeman fell with a bullet through his heart. The crowd ran away, all but Schmidt, who, after rubbing his head and gathering his wits, knelt beside the dead man and tore open his clothes. So kneeling, he was arrested by a policeman who came running around the corner. Another came, and between the two, followed by a growing crowd of boys and the drift of the street, Lohengrin was marched once more to the fetid jail. This time he was honored with a special cell, isolated and double-barred, as befitted one who was now of the royal degree of crime.

Who fired the shot? The "Morning Truthteller" asked this in red letters, four inches high, and immediately answered it by saying that Schmidt undoubtedly did, and proved this by the damning fact that no revolver was found on Schmidt, who thus showed the cleverness of an old offender in doing away with the evidence of his guilt. No revolver was ever found. Who fired the shot was never answered; but, while the press ran riot with the downfall of law and order, and shrieked in two colors over the menace to organized society and vested rights, the police, as the true

upholders of society and vested rights, were doing more effective work more quietly. Who fired the shot was a question that would have to be answered before Schmidt could be hanged, and hanged he must be, or society would perish. So Schmidt took the third degree at the hands of the police. This is a secret rite in which the accused supplies the evidence against himself. Nothing more complete or satisfactory can be imagined. It is like the hen which lived wholly on her own eggs, a machine absolutely complete within itself.

Schmidt was put into a dark cell with three inches of dirty water over its floor, and during a period of three days was given one drink of water and one piece of bread. Three days of starvation and sleeplessness, three days' staring into the chilly dark, often makes dreams come, and many a poor devil has confessed anything desired. Perhaps they have visions, and say things they know not of. It used to be considered that evidence procured by the rack and the boot was really valueless, and of course this third degree was unconstitutional by both the prisoner's constitution and that of the United States; but legal constitutions were not made for vagabonds.

He was suddenly and dramatically confronted with Ferguson's body. He gazed sadly at it, and said, "God forgive him!" At his trial police witnesses swore that he said, "May God forgive me!" but even this was disappointing, and it was feared it might not be enough on which to hang a man. So Schmidt was returned to darkness and semi-starvation for a week, being begged and bullied from time to time. He

would not confess, and yet the stupidest man could have seen that this was most disobliging, for, if only he would confess, it would greatly facilitate his being hanged. He was too prejudiced against law and order. Heaven, these wretched Anarchists!

Finally the patience of the law was exhausted, and in the presence of a sergeant and two officers Schmidt was hung up by the thumbs. This is old-fashioned and simple, but it gives considerable torture. After he had been thus hanging for some time, he groaned heavily; but it was really difficult from this to manufacture a distinct confession, and at last, without a confession, he fainted. With such obstinacy as this, crime would go unpunished, and the police themselves might even be suspected of being inefficient; so the electric brush was brought in, and Schmidt's body, still swinging by the thumbs, was galvanized back to life with agonizing shocks as great as he could endure. These made his body jerk about in a most amusing manner. This specialty in the third degree was unknown to the ignorant middle ages, but is now practised by the police in all our largest cities. It is one of the marks of progress of this Christian and electrical age. The only nuts gleaned by shaking this human tree were the words, "God forgive him!" which version was rejected as unnatural and ridiculous; and, after consultation, the policemen recalled that Schmidt distinctly said, "I did it; may God forgive me!" This, under all the circumstances, was considered sufficient evidence, and the police could sleep in the blessed consciousness that they had done their duty and justified their existence. The trial

could now proceed.

Young Walsh was greatly interested for the preservation of society, and at this point he furnished to the sheriff and district attorney a list of names of law-abiding citizens who could be relied upon as bulwarks of society. It was arranged that Judge McGrath, a member of his father's club and the poker club, should be assigned to preside at the trial. Judge McGrath had very decided convictions—especially after dinner—as to the sacredness of government by force and those privileges created by law known as vested rights, and the poker club had hanged Schmidt promptly as soon as he was arrested; some had even quartered him and burnt him at the stake because he was an Anarchist and an enemy to organized government, government meaning to their intellects, in a confused way, peace and order.

Armed with the list of good men and true furnished by Walsh and the district attorney, the sheriff sent his deputies to select the men from whom the trial jury must be drawn. Two men who had not hesitated to say that Anarchists should be shot without trial were pointed out by their employer with a wink as men eligible for jury duty; but, you will understand, this gentleman, a wholesale grocer and elder of the church, sincerely believed he was doing God's service. Thus the dreary mill of human justice, which must make the gods laugh, began to grind. Counsel was assigned to Schmidt, for it is one of the beautiful mercies of our society that no man can be hanged without the assistance of counsel. In this particular case the defence was very unpopular. The "Truthteller" ad-

vocated lynching, or the speedy conclusion of what ought to be a mere form of trial.

Judge Dillingworth, in many respects not unlike a turkey gobbler, having red gills and a pompous manner, was assigned by the court as counsel for the unpopular defence. This was exceedingly thoughtful in the court, as Judge Dillingworth was a candidate for the place held by Judge McGrath. Judge Dillingworth saw the point, and haughtily begged to be excused; so Pitman Smith, a lantern-jawed young fellow, just floundering in the legal slough of despond, was appointed. It is surprising, when every one has agreed that a man ought to be hanged, how rapidly the result can be accomplished. Schmidt had no occasion to complain of the law's delay. Jail pallor had scarcely begun upon his face when he was brought solemnly before the jury which already solemnly intended solemnly to hang him after a solemn trial.

Drawing the jury was not as long an affair as had been expected. Judge McGrath was well-fed and benign, and looked as self-satisfied as a man should look without whom all society would fall into chaos and confusion. The two men who thought an Anarchist ought to be shot on sight swore that they had no prejudice, no bias, and no opinion on the case whatever.

Thus, without even exhausting all the challenges he was allowed, Pitman Smith obtained a jury of good men and true, sworn to decide according to the evidence, each of whom knew in advance, deep in a secret recess,—which, for lack of a better term, we will

call his cowardice,—that he intended to hang Schmidt, regardless of the evidence, and each felt he was a saviour of society, according to that moulder of thought and voice of the people, the daily "Truthteller."

The trial of a man for his life proceeded very glibly, and the policemen swore very solemnly to what they knew to be lies, but in this they felt they were doing themselves and the State a service. No one dared swear who fired the shot, for at once the query would have arisen, Where is he? and so the State rested without this question being answered. Pitman Smith fired at the jury six reputable witnesses who were present in the crowd when Ferguson was killed, and they testified that Schmidt did not shoot, that he had no revolver, and that he did not advocate shooting, but, on the contrary, was deprecating the use of any force when he was assailed by Officer Ferguson. Schmidt took the stand and told the facts just as they were, and then told of his torture under the third degree. In this, Pitman Smith made a mistake, for the district attorney manifestly had the jury with him when he branded this statement as an outrageous and malicious lie, which proved that Schmidt was totally unworthy of belief; and he shouted to the jury in indignant tones that such treatment would not only be inhuman, but absolutely unconstitutional, and therefore such conduct on the part of the police was impossible. Pitman Smith pinned his faith to the fact that there was no proof whatever as to who fired the shot, and, though he hemmed and hawed a good deal and stumbled about, he made (if any one had listened) a

very level headed argument that Schmidt could not be convicted, as it was admitted that he had not fired the shot; and, as who did fire the shot was unknown, no possible connection between him and Schmidt could be proved. He talked very learnedly and uselessly about the burden of proof being on the State and that Schmidt was entitled to every reasonable doubt, all of which was promptly swept into the legal waste-paper basket by Judge McGrath, who charged the jury that they did not have to know who fired the shot, or whether the prisoner had ever seen the slayer; it was enough if from the evidence they believed that the talk of the prisoner then or at any other time had suggested the murderous idea.

The jury promptly brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree, and the daily "Truthteller" published their names as patriots who deserved well of their fellow-men. The sheriff was given a testimonial by the solid business men of the city, the district attorney was assured of his nomination to congress, and, after Judge McGrath had pronounced sentence, the "Truthteller" paid a glowing tribute to this distinguished jurist who had saved society by the invention of a novel legal principle. Every one was happy; every one but Pitman Smith. He said very loudly, over a glass of beer, at a German restaurant, that it was the rottenest law the world had ever listened to; that, if applied to other people, it would make every man or newspaper accessory to the murder of any one who was murdered after he had been criticized adversely by either the man or the newspaper. Pitman Smith's legal blood was up, and he rolled up his

sleeves and fought on, regardless of remuneration. But the sentence was affirmed, the governor refused to interfere, and civilized society at last drew a long, happy breath: it had been saved; Johann Schmidt was to be hanged.

There was a fellow I knew once, who had the chair next to mine in the Elite Tonsorial Parlors, who was a Spiritualist, and I went with him to a number of *séances*, but I never took much stock in them. It seems always to have been exceedingly difficult for the dead to communicate with the living; therefore you would think that, whenever they did so, it would be on some matter of the most wonderful importance. Then, too, the dead seem so dignified, as if this world had shrunk away from them into extreme pettiness; and yet I never did hear such a lot of foolish, disjointed talk as those spirits indulged in, and the information they gave was of the most trifling kind. Certainly the whole affair was not worthy of those who have shaken off the fleshly fetters and soared into the universal empyrean. On the other hand, I will not say there is not a source of wireless telegraphy between sympathetic people

The very day that Johann Schmidt was finally sentenced to be hanged Elsa Bauer was seated on the rustic bench of a wayside inn in the Black Forest, watching the flutterings and twitterings of a thousand little dark-headed birds among the firs. Suddenly, as if shot by a bolt through the heart, she said to herself, "I will go home." A great longing came over her, so that she could not fly fast enough to the sea-port which led to home. She was possessed of a fever like

3455 L.401

that which seizes the robins and sparrows and other migratory birds which gather in flocks and procrastinate, till of a sudden, without warning, they are up and away. The homeward flight soothed her somewhat, but left her anxious, as if she had been told of a terrible misfortune, but could not now recollect what it was. So she came to the ugly city, which, like the jinni from the fisherman's leaden bottle, coils in smoke gigantic into the sky. After much hearty and peasant-like greeting from old Brewer Hermann, she came into her own sitting-room, a comforting sense in its quiet tones—its only pictures a great silver Corot and a self-portrait of Rembrandt. She loved this last for its golden tones and rich shadows, but also for that defiant face which looked out at her boldly, saying, "I was a man. Though I am dead, yet I still live." She went straight to her desk, and among all the parcels and letters piled there she, without hesitation, selected one; tearing open the envelope, there lay in her hand the exquisitely beautiful face she remembered so well—too well; and the words, "Ludwig. Come back to me when you are weary. My heart is always open for you." She gazed with a noble and wistful jealousy at the face, and then read: "My Elsa: Will you do me the kindness to send this little portrait of my mother, which was her bethrothal gift to my father, to her: Countess Helena von Schwerin, Odenwald Bavaria. I feel that to lie to her is unbecoming to myself and my cause, and yet I would not inflict on her useless pain; so I will ask you to make such statement as your love and judgment suggest and say that I sent her my heart love. I would like you

3456 L.401

and everyone to know that I feel no disgrace in my death. Indeed, I am buoyed up by a curious exaltation. I love life; I would be glad to live; but the feeling that I am dying for humanity, as a martyr to that progress which will make life somewhat better for those to come, perfectly consoles me. It is, I think, the triumph of the love for race over the love for self, and from this cell I can understand Christ's beautiful forgiveness of his executioners. He saw so much further than they, he could only pity them. At this last hour I think it manly to tell you that I love you deeply, and it is a great comfort to me to believe that you love me. I have waited till the latest moment to tell you this, and to entrust my sacred relic to you. When you get this, I shall have been hanged for the murder of Officer Ferguson. I need not tell you I am as innocent as yourself. Johann Schmidt."

Elsa read this letter with a bewildered mind. First, a confusion as to what was meant; then a great thrill at the words "I love you"; then a chill and a sickening unto death at the words, "I shall have been hanged." Her hand crushed the letter; her eyes stared before her and she trembled, but only for a moment. Eagerly she looked at the date of the letter, and saw that it was written that very day. There might yet be time. If there were a God, he would not permit this thing. She choked a moment, and lights flashed before her eyes as if the rope was about her own neck. The next instant she rang a bell, sent for her father, and began rapidly to write telegrams—to the governor, to the district attorney, to the warden of the penitentiary, to the senators and representatives

in Washington, to the German embassy and the German consul in Chicago, and then to those who move the governor, the district attorney, and the senators as puppets on strings—the political bosses. She was in the midst of this when her father came in smiling. She said, "Father, Johann Schmidt, who was my secretary, is to be hanged for the murder of a policeman." "Yes," he interrupted, "I know it." "He is innocent," she said, "and it must not be; it shall not be. Sign these telegrams, dear father." The phlegmatic brewer hesitated, and started to read them. "He is Count Ludwig von Schwerin," said Elsa; "he is innocent. Sign, father, quickly. I will explain later." At her word he stopped reading and signed the telegrams, muttering to himself, "Count Ludwig von Schwerin; Gott im Himmel!"

The telegrams to the governor and the politicians were imperative: "I urgently request a reprieve for Johann Schmidt sentenced to be hanged. Act at once. Hermann Bauer."

The motor car was ordered, and Elsa and the fat brewer drove a mad chariot of fire to the relief of Lohengrin. None too soon, as the execution was set for the next morning,—information which made Elsa sob for joy and gasp for fear. The reprieve came instantly and easily, and afterward the pardon, which completely exonerated Count Ludwig von Schwerin, known as Johann Schmidt, from any suspicion of crime. It was a small matter in which to oblige Hermann Bauer, and the governor was glad to do it. An *attaché* from the German embassy arrived, breathless, with his eminent legal counsel, who, curiously

enough, agreed with Pitman Smith that the conviction of Johann Schmidt was rotten; and the final result, so far as Pitman Smith was concerned, was both gratifying and profitable. The "Truthteller" had a thrilling article telling of the narrow escape from such a miscarriage of justice as would have been a blot upon the fair name of the State and the majesty of the law. It gave the minutest details as to the von Schwerin family, which was of the oldest nobility of Germany. It did not omit an allusion to the distinguished *attaché* from the embassy at Washington, and it fairly out-did itself, if possible, in the exaltation of Count Ludwig von Schwerin, who, because of his intense democratic sympathies, had sought to bring about much-needed reforms by descending among the common people and becoming their champion. The "Truthteller" said he was talented, cultured, and handsome, and hinted at a romance in a certain quarter. It further said that connecting him with the murder of Officer Ferguson was an unfortunate mistake, the reasons for which were not now necessary to go into, but that Count von Schwerin, like Count Leo Tolstoy, of Russia, though an earnest advocate of reform, deprecated any use of force, and founded his hopes wholly on reason and non-resistance.

As at the touch of the prince the gates of the enchanted castle opened, the princess awoke, and life once more ran through every part of the palace, so at the touch of Elsa Bauer (aided by the heavy hand of Hermann Bauer, brewer and multi-millionaire) the sad penitentiary gates swung open, and sunlight and cool sweet air rushed upon Johann Schmidt, embrac-

ing him, filling him with the intoxication of freedom; but, even while his heart throbbed under this intoxication, he shuddered at the thought of those others, rotting the God-given life away behind dark walls, or walking to freedom only through the gallows.

Elsa Bauer stood in her private drawing-room, herself a picture Rembrandt would have loved—spun-gold hair, fine grey eyes, fresh German complexion, her dress deep maroon velvet from throat to the floor and wide lace collar and cuffs, a huge opal in narrow rim of pure soft gold making sunsets as it gently heaved upon her bosom, and an old Indian emerald on her finger, like a bit of the sea. Rembrandt turned up his defiant nose at the world, and out of his frame looked at her lovingly. The rain whirled in sheets against the window, and the storm raged, but in her heart was bird music and the whisper of summer leaves: there was a glow over the whole world, and the universe sang songs of joy. In her hand she held a telegram: "I am coming. Johann." She had treasured the yellow slip all day in her bosom. She had read it an hundred times. Now she again read it; and her heart listened.

Not long ago I shaved a poet who could not pay me immediately, but gave an old envelope out of his pocket with his name and address on it. On the other side I found those words about bird music and the universe singing songs, and they have run in my head ever since; so, as he has not paid me, I have used them.

I have told my story. If you say, Where is the

tragedy? I say, Wait. Is it not tragedy to be jailed for the words of truth? Is it not tragedy—all those outcasts, the human garbage heap? Is it not tragedy that there should be machines to choke the breath out of men and penitentiaries to shut them from the sun? Is it not tragedy that vice and crime should be the offspring of want, and that those who make the want should crush the unfortunates? Is it not tragedy that want and luxury are given so unequally? Is it not tragedy to think how Siegfried shall strive for humanity and how he shall seem to fail and shall die, cursed by those he would serve? Is it not tragedy if Elsa and Lohengrin shall cease to love, or, if they never cease, that Death, the great tragedy, shall spread its dark wings above them, waiting for a moment to strike and then rend them apart? Yes; on the word of a barber and a philosopher, life is a tragedy.

FRANCIS DE BOSQUE.

3461 L.401

Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are far exact;
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.
Rabbi Ben Gessing.

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

On his record as a prosecutor of "grafters," and his promise to "enforce the law," which was the issue of the "campaign" Mr. Folk of Missouri was elected governor. He is a receptive candidate for president, but his party papers are turning him down. They say they do not want a detective in the White House. In other words, their constituents do not want the law enforced. Who has not seen men swept into office on a wave of popular enthusiasm for enforcing the law, and who has not also observed that the dodge cannot be worked in two successive campaigns? No community elects a man more than once on the issue of enforcing the law. In the next election they drop the issue or the man, or both.

One may treat a law of the realm with contumely and disdain, and still remain respectable, provided he owns obedience to a law of something else that is rather more irrational than the one he dumps overboard. Those fathers in God, the bishops of the English church, are in a state of insurrection against the Deceased Wife's Sister law, and forbid the faithful of their communion to avail themselves of its provisions. They can discern, being prophets, that, if a churchman is once granted permission to marry his

3462 L.401

sister-in-law after the wife is departed, he will soon be appropriating the said relative in advance of the obsequies, as a clergyman of the Congregational church has lately done in Michigan. Such freedom as that denotes would make this world too much of a paradise to suit the interests of the gentlemen whose incomes depend on their making the next one look better. The bishops therefore revile the law as "a license for incest," which is a shrewd choice of language on their part, for you have an enemy half licked when you fasten an opprobrious name to him. How does the union labor boss prove the independent workman in the wrong except by calling him a scab? It is especially lucky for the lord bishop of London, who has repudiated the acts of parliament and denied its jurisdiction, that he has his canon law for a makeshift; otherwise he would not so lately have received the freedom of our cities. Not acknowledging the right of the State to confer liberty, but upholding the Church's right to deny it, he breaks through the exclusion act where a countryman of his, recognizing no authority at all, got headed off and turned back. This fellow, like the lord bishop, doubted the inspiration of civic statutes, but he had gone farther and included the catechism in his unbelief; and, as Anarchists are notoriously destitute of conscience, he was unable, like the bishop, to cite a higher law. He had slipped his hold on both horns of the altar when he let go of the State. That is why I say it is convenient to have a church, or a god or two, or as a last resort a conscience, when one would give the State a jolt and yet avoid the rod it has in pickle for Anarchists.

Liberty would permit the widowed or the divorced to marry whom and when they might elect, and all of the difficulties that now make the relation a gold-brick investment would thus be disposed of in a lump. I do not fathom the purpose of the philanthropical in denying this freedom. I read in the newspapers that "the Rev. W. C. Doane, bishop of Albany, one of the most eminent ministers of the Episcopal church, backed by a considerable following," asked the general convention for a ruling "absolutely prohibiting ministers of his denomination from solemnizing marriages of divorced persons." This means that there must be no return tickets issued to those who go into wedlock or to those who get out of it. And I read in the same newspaper that Elizabeth Adams and J. Elijah Adams of New Jersey had been reunited in the holy bands after living separated by divorce for a year. There was a case where freedom of divorce was repaired by the freedom of remarriage; and could anything except those unblessed unions we are promised in heaven be more desired than such a reunion of sundered bosoms? The joke is that Bishop Doane couldn't logically allow it. Liberty is always consistent with itself, as one fact fits every other fact, while one law always repeals its predecessor and needs a third law to correct its own mistakes. The error of remarriage ought to correct itself without clerical interference. Why divorced parties should re-enter wedlock without being blindfolded and backed in is one of the problems that keep us meditating. You would never think it; still, we know that they do so, showing that observed facts are more trustworthy guides than

pure reason. Their conduct is so irrational that I cannot regard as unfortunate those who find obstacles in their way when they would hop out of one marriage into another. Often the man who wants the divorce is himself the incompatible one in his present marriage, and therefore certain to queer his next venture as well. For him there is not so much to be hoped for from another partner as from a different attitude toward the one he has. I lately read a large book through, and, although I found nothing else of value, I felt repaid for my application by the discovery of the following:

> The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

A sentence which reads as slick as that can hardly be otherwise than true. I hate to discourage people who are hoping to find greater happiness by changing their other half. At the same time I recommend the above hint to the respectful attention of persons contemplating divorce and remarriage. There is less expense and less distressing publicity in getting rid of faults and acquiring a new disposition than in changing wife or husband; and also less risk of getting a worse one.

Under just how many varieties of law-making bodies the country at present suffers I would not undertake to state. Nobody needs to be told that the gift of legislation is bestowed upon congress and upon State legislatures. Then, a decision of the supreme court is also law, while the president and every mem-

ber of his cabinet can turn out something just as good. The departments of the government, all unknown to the constitution, do more governing than the executive, legislative, and judiciary branches combined. If all the officials of the post-office department were rabbits, from the postmaster-general down to the thirteenth or fourteenth assistant postmaster-general, they could not litter oftener or more numerously than at present. With a commissioner for everything and with unnumbered bureaus and other deadwood, the extra-constitutional lawsmiths have the duly authorized "butters-in" running fast to keep in sight of them. The arrangement suits those thinkers who hold that the more meddlers we have the better. It is not so acceptable to the few who take the negative of that proposition. The latter will therefore hope there is something valid in the argument of the Standard Oil Company that edicts are unconstitutional which, by authorizing common carriers to establish rates binding on shippers, delegate legislative power to the railroad companies. As the situation is, the common carrier fixes its freight rates, which it publishes and files, and any shipper caught bargaining with the carriers to pay less than those rates is fined $29,240,000. A penalty like that is calculated to make a man count his change before putting his freight aboard the cars, to see if he has enough to pay the above fine in case the agent has charged him less than the schedule demands. When one is in court and has just been assessed twenty-nine million odd, it is not competent for him to plead that he left his money in his other clothes. Some will waive the

question of the constitutionality of the edict that apparently delegates legislative powers to railroad companies, because of their antipathy for rebating, which they look upon as wrong. But rebating is not wrong; it is a virtue, if, as the Standard Oil Company holds, the railroad companies are legislators, for the companies thereby become a co-ordinate branch of the government, and rebating is one of government's long suits. To illustrate: A railroad tariff is a tax on the shipper. To rebate is to remit. Legislative power, civil and ecclesiastical, is the original taxer, and it invented remitting, which it practises with the approval of the angels. The government establishes, publishes, and files its rates of taxation, and, when it chooses, it gives rebates. As an example, secular real estate and religious real estate are appraised alike; owners of the former class pay such taxes as they cannot swear off, and the taxes on the latter are remitted altogether. It is exactly as though a railroad were to discriminate to the limit and carry freight free for its favorites. To the irreligious this illustration is sufficiently illuminating, and the religious ought to see a light in the case of the Standard Oil Company, for President Rockefeller is a religious institution. The point, then, raised by the Standard Oil Company is not involved in moral considerations. If the railroad corporations may legislate,—and it looks as if they could when $29,400,000 is the penalty for disregarding their schedule,—they may also rebate without sin, in imitation, which is sincere flattery, of the author of their being. Government makes a ridiculous exhibition of itself in prosecuting citizens for practising a

trick it has shown them how to turn. But what is the use? Three hundred years ago a sect of the people of England, who fell victims to the whim that the ruling classes ought to be as decent as those they assumed to govern, were laughed at as Puritans. Lest Anarchists, by putting it up to the government to set the populace an example in virtue, may incur the reproach of Puritanism, I judge it prudent not to identify myself with that strait-laced group of disturbers.

The limits of excitement compatible with safety had been reached by Colonel Watterson, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," when he wrote:

> Along with their crazy prohibition law—the vile, illegitimate offspring of a *liaison* between the Puritans of religion and the blacklegs of politics—the result of a combine between Populism pure and simple and a remnant of what has the impudence to call itself Democracy—a duo between two discordant musicians, Hoky-Poky Smith playing second fiddle to Tom Watson—loom into view the familiar troop of humbugs, of the old firm of Pecksniff, Chadband, and Company.

Colonel Watterson and other believers in "personal liberty" murmur at the prospect of prohibition only because they are not used to it. I put "personal liberty" in quotation marks because it is now restricted to one special meaning—the right to sell or of access to intoxicating liquors. From the vehemence of its advocates you would judge that it was the first liberty to be denied, instead of being nearer to the last one that isn't. I am not acquainted with the statutes of Kentucky or with the city ordinances of Louisville, but I know it is a mild statement to say that Colonel

Watterson obeys or violates, as the case may be, a score of laws more invasive than the one that shuts off the Georgian's source of enthusiasm. For myself I should prefer the prohibition law to the Sunday law, which for a fact "the Puritans of religion and the blacklegs of politics" have intrigued to procure. Speaking of prohibition, the liquor law of Maine or Georgia is a glorious illustration of the principle of State rights, which means that a State may impose whatsoever restrictive law it chooses on its subjects, but cannot allow them any freedom incompatible with the best Puritan ideas. Colonel Watterson is an unbeliever in law to a certain extent. "I do not believe," he said in the Blue Grass speech he made a little while ago at Lexington, "that men can be legislated into angels." He meant that he was skeptical about making men sober by law. Doubt that men can be legislated into angels appertains, like talk about "personal" liberty, to the prohibition law only. In all other respects the efficacy of law to put wings on the citizen is uniformly applied. But the only time that law makes angels of men is when it hangs them.

By arguments from psychology, Mr. Theodore Schroeder, attorney for the Free Speech League, proves that the quality of a thing which is defined as "obscenity" has existence, not in the thing itself, but only in the mind of the person who imagines that he detects its presence there. It follows that, when the courts have been brought around to this view, the man who charges "obscenity" against a picture or print will be locked up for improper exposure of his

3469 L.401

mind. And the law will do justice then oftener than it does now, because it will catch the fellows who made it.

From over the water comes a voice saying:

> Socialism is the tide of a great movement, which, whether we like it or not, is going to be the master current of the life of the people of Great Britain in the twentieth century.

It is an English clergyman who speaks, and he asks whether the church, through the influence of Christ, will be able to guide a movement which it cannot arrest. There will not be the slightest difficulty. The Socialist party, either in England or America, cannot become a "master current" until it draws off enough of the main stream to make its volume greater than that of any other party. The main stream flows through the church. No party can separate itself from the church while the party and the church are made up of the same members, the church members predominating. Unify society with a majority still adhering to the church, and in the ensuing integration it will be all church and no society.

His smokeless Socialism having attracted attention by the noise it makes, Mr. Roosevelt, who perceives that it is better for his party to carry out Socialistic policies than to let the Socialists get in, is explaining in his speeches that "social reform is not the precursor, but the preventive, of Socialism." It is worse than either: it is the preventer of Socialists.

Baring his heart to the assembled chivalry of Keokuk, Indiana, President Roosevelt, after outlining the

3470 L.401

patriotic duty of men according to his notion, turned to the women present, and said: "You women have even higher and more difficult duties; for I honor no man, not even the soldier who fights for righteousness, quite as much as I honor the good woman who does her full duty as wife and mother." Men are bound to have different ideals. The sordid truth is that men fight for what Mr. Roosevelt calls righteousness for fifteen a month, more or less, with rations, and that women carry out the popular conception of the duty of a wife and mother because they cannot very well avoid it, being married. They deserve their share of honor, but there are others, among whom let us reverently name Maria, the female diplomat, and Harriman, the practical man.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

OUR NEW MALVOLIO

[London "Saturday Review"]

Mr. Viereck reminds us of Malvolio. He shows signs of being a true steward of poetry with an individual character of his own; but someone must have dropped a compliment in his way by design or accident. Ever since, he has moved in strange and affected antics, and is much prouder of cross-garterings than of the proper duties of his stewardship. He has the hardihood to assert that he himself has "extended the borderland of poetry into the domain of music on the one side, into that of the intellect on the other," and regards himself as a second Wagner. As a fact he has not developed the "rhythmic effects" he talks of by any device more essential than ingenious systems of indentation, which give the printed page a resemblance to parts of "Alice in Wonderland" or a long-division sum. Similar affectations spoil his sense as well as his form. His ambition is strength; but, whatever that may mean, it was never yet acquired by gymnastic practice with adjectives. Crimson and red are constant epithets of half his substantives—a repetition that makes several verses quite impossible to read aloud.

3471 L.401

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3472 L.401

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